

"TIGER" HIS STORY



by
R. F. Outcault.



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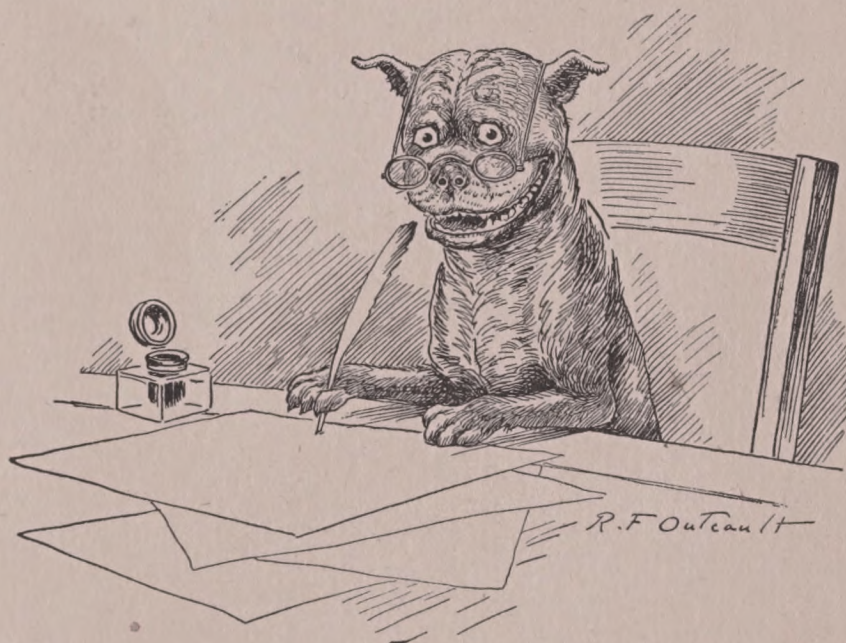
Tige—His Story



Tige—His Story

By ^{Richard Sutton} R. F. Outcault

Author and Illustrator of "Buster Brown and His Resolutions";
"Buster Brown, His Dog Tige, and Their Troubles";
"Buster Brown Abroad"; etc.

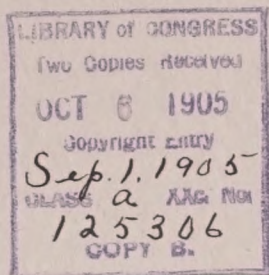


With sixty-three illustrations by the author



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To my children
Dickey and Mary Jane
this book is affectionately
dedicated



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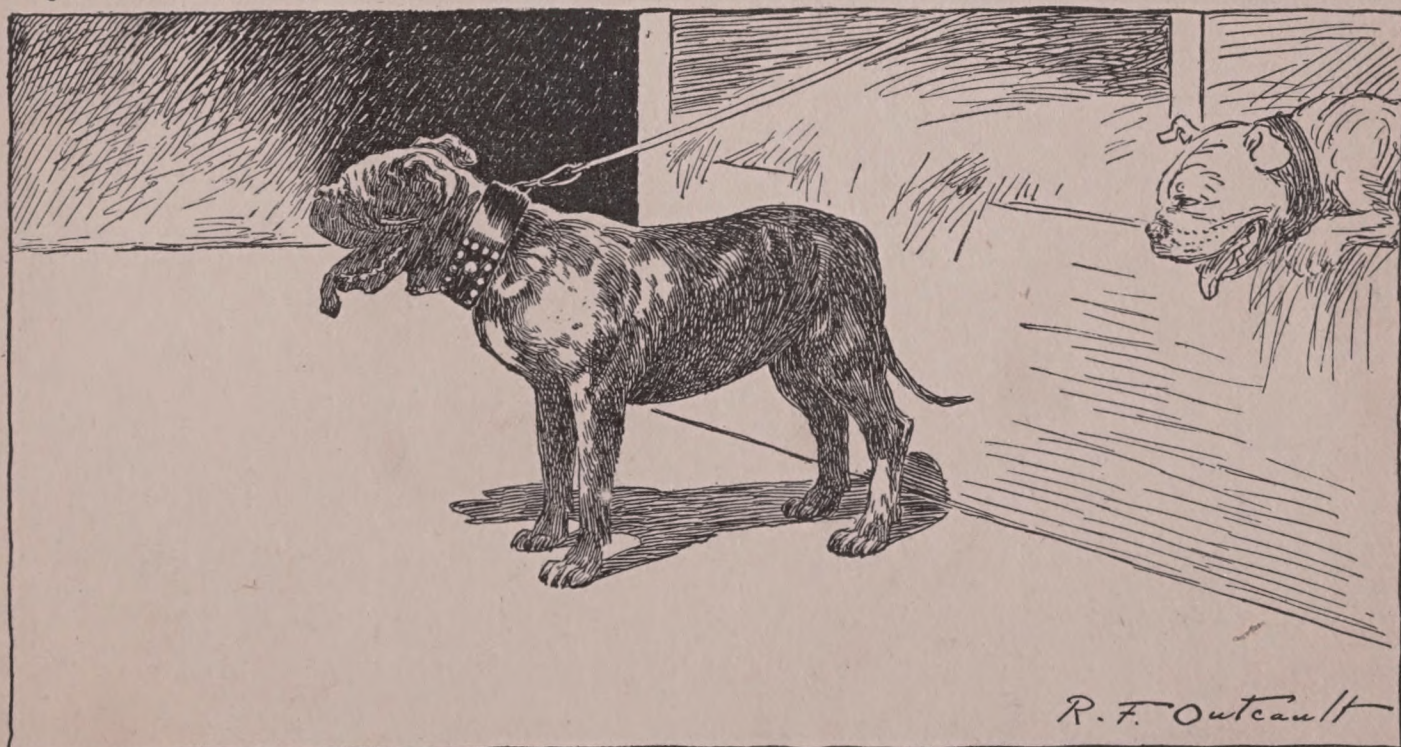
TIGE—HIS STORY

CHAPTER I—My Parentage and Early Life



AS I am getting to be a middle-aged dog I've decided, before my memory fails me, to put down a few facts about my life, and record some of my experiences, hoping that they may be of interest to other dogs who have been fortunate enough to have had a dear little boy for a friend and companion.

I HAVE not always been a resident of New York, for I was born in the outskirts of a village in Ohio. My mother was a pet in a very kind family which had no other dog, and although they treated her kindly and fed her well, they expected her to do all the watch-dog work for the whole place. Being very conscientious, she worked very hard at watch-dogging to support herself and her five offspring, of which I was one. When I was about six weeks old my brothers and sisters were sent away, leaving me alone to assist my mother.



"Leaving me alone to assist my mother."

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I TOOK to watching naturally, and with a few lessons from my maternal parent I soon became so expert that she was able to go to her kennel at night and sleep as a good honest mother-dog should sleep. Of course I don't mean that she loafed, Oh, no! she did quite a lot of light watching during the day, and would howl



"She would howl at the moon some evenings until ten o'clock."

at the moon some evenings until ten o'clock. She was a good dog, and I have always tried, as far as possible, to walk in her footsteps.

I ALWAYS had to run with the horses and follow the carriage to the village. I could bark the cows home from the pasture in the evenings as well as that job had ever been done by any dog. One of the cows told me so herself one day, and old Fritz, the bay

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horse, said she was the most truthful cow on the farm. I always liked a truthful cow, but I think that animals are truthful as a general thing.



I always liked a truthful cow,
Because she will not lie;
She tells you when her milk is skimmed,
And tells the reason why.

Tige Brown, His own composition.

I HAD got to be a great pet with the family, and spent much of my time in the house. Thus I used to hear a great deal of what was said by the folks when they were at dinner or sitting around the log fire on winter evenings. When I followed the carriage to the village and saw my people get letters at the post-office, I always wanted to hear those letters read, and when the family were all seated around the supper-table Grandma would put on her glasses and read them aloud. Every week there was a letter from New York, and it was always from "Emily," who had much to tell about "the baby," and I guessed that the baby was only about six

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months younger than I was. I had never seen Emily, but I learned from her letters that she was the daughter who had gone to New York after her marriage to a man by the name of Brown. Grandma had visited her sometimes, but Emily had never been home for a visit since I was born.



"I have always tried to walk in her footsteps."

CHAPTER II—My First Meeting with Buster Brown



TIME went on, and when I was about two years and a half old I heard them read in a letter one evening that Emily was coming with the baby to make a long visit. The family were so overjoyed and happy over this news that I was happy too, and jumped up and barked and ran around the room like mad. Jack thought I wanted to go out, so he opened the door, and like a simpleton I ran out, so that I didn't hear the rest of the letter where it told when she was coming.

SO I waited and waited for several days, watching all the time to see when the family would all pile into the old carriage and drive to the station. I was just dying to see that baby I had heard so much about.

WELL, the day came all right at last, and everybody in the house was in a flutter. Old Amanda, the coloured cook, was up early making pies and cookies, and scouring up everything in the kitchen.

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Amanda liked me and was always kind to me, but that day she was so busy that she actually kicked me out of the kitchen just because I was hanging around for my breakfast. But I just licked the place and forgave her.

THE eventful hour arrived, the family got into the carriage, and off we started for the train. I don't believe I ever barked so loud or so joyfully before. If I had known then that the dear little golden-haired baby whom we were going to meet at that train was the chap who would be my constant companion for life, I would



"He turned around and saw me."

have been quite serious. Little did I know that the champion mistake-maker and resolution-composer of the future was that same little baby I was waiting to see. But so it was. Little Buster Brown, whose joys and sorrows I was to share for life, was that very baby.

THE whistle blew, and soon the train came bowling down the track. The bell rang, and with wonderful roaring of steam it slowed up and stopped. There they were—I saw Grandpa helping Emily and the baby off the train, and then such a catch-as-catch-can kissing and hugging match took place right there on the platform that it looked for a while as though some one would be hurt. No one paid any attention to me.

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WHEN we got back to the farm, I got acquainted with the baby. As soon as they put him down on the lawn he made a flying leap for Grandma's best flower-bed.

"LOOK out for your flowers, mother!" cried Buster's mamma.

"OH, let him pick them!" said Grandma, and on he went.

I FOLLOWED close at his heels, and just as he reached the flowers he turned around and saw me. Was he afraid? I should say not. He just took me by the ear and put his other hand right into my mouth!

CHAPTER III—Frolics in the Country



HAT was our introduction. I just started right in loving him that very minute. I don't suppose I deserve any credit for that: he loved me, so I just couldn't help myself.

FROM that day on, through all the summer, I was his keeper. Many and many a time I have lain on the grass pretending to read a book, but all the while keeping a watchful eye on my little chum as he played around and contrived to get into mischief. Many a good sting on the nose I got from some bee that would have stung him if I had not made it my business to get in the way. The day he upset the bee-hive, though, he did get a few stings. I tried to get them all, and did succeed in getting most of them. If I had known the bees as well as I knew the cows and horses and other animals, I could have told them not to



"Keeping a watchful eye on my little chum."

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hurt him. I have never talked to a bee in my life. They are always so busy that they never seem to have time to talk. But I fancy they whisper to the flowers sometimes.

WHEN Buster first arrived at his grandma's he was dressed in pretty little frocks, but it was soon discovered that such clothes were not the thing for a healthy boy on a farm, so the funniest little overalls that any one ever saw were made for him, and he was turned loose in them each morning.

I ALWAYS got all my snooping, chicken-chasing, or any such work off my hands early in the mornings before Buster was awake. Then I waited around for him to finish his breakfast. Directly this was over, away we would go. There were hosts of things to be done, hunting eggs in the barn or hen-house, sailing boats in the creek, watching the men make the hay, — all sorts of important things. Very often I would be so tired at night that after seeing him safe in his mother's arms I would flop right down, clean tuckered out, and go off to sleep on the spot. I guess Buster slept sound too.



THERE were some animals and things on the farm that had never been acquainted with a little boy before and didn't know how to treat him. The old turkey gobbler, for instance, was one of those who were too serious to enjoy the society of a little boy and appreciate his funny pranks. But it was old Tom's vanity that made him so mean and selfish. I suppose he thought that Buster would stand around and admire him; but that isn't what Buster did at all. He just walked up to Mr. Turkey and patted him on the head, saying, "Poor little turkey! Poor little turkey!" until that arrogant old bird could stand the insult to his pride no longer. He swelled up slowly and savagely, spreading his tail and dropping his wings. Buster broke into a wild scream of laughter and cried, "Look out, little turkey, or oo'll det bursted." This was too much: with a wild and savage gobble that almost shook the farm he

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jumped for Buster, who turned and ran as fast as those overalls would allow him. Poor Buster—he didn't know there were any cross people in the world, especially on a farm in summer, where birds and bees and flowers, blue skies, babbling brooks, and all the other sweet things that poets sing about, are all around. But don't get worried. My business was just to get that ugly old gobbler by the tail and let Buster escape, and that is just what happened. Do you know, that turkey never spoke to me again from that day on. He was a good turkey in some ways. I afterwards enjoyed his bones very much,—he was simply delicious. Here is a little poem I composed on the occasion:

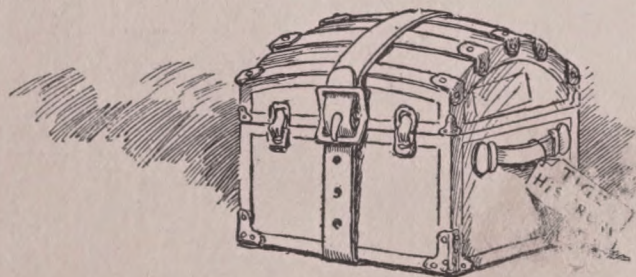
The turkey gobbler's vain and proud,
He's arrogant and vicious;
Yet he has some good points, I know,—
He's good when cooked—*delicious!*

CHAPTER IV—An Ohio Dog in a New York Apartment House



SO Buster grew and gathered bumps all that long sweet summer. Falling down stairs was his regular exercise: it seems to me that he fell once a day and all the different fancy falls imaginable,—head first, feet first, middle first, roly-poly, toboggan style, bounce, and sky-rocket. He never cried but a minute and was never discouraged.

FINALLY, when the summer had gone and the leaves of yellow and gold were fluttering down with every little gust of wind, Emily, who was Buster's mamma, made up her mind to return to New York. They counted on taking me with them just as though I had always belonged to the Brown family, and they *did* take me.



I packed my trunk with all my spare pants, as I did not need as many, when going by train, as I did when running after the carriage. The journey was long, and a new experience to me, but we got to New York all right.

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THE change from the farm to a big apartment house was great! Maybe you think there weren't a lot of things for Tiger to learn!

DO you think I ever saw an elevator? I didn't know that houses grew so tall. Just think what a shock it was to me to find myself on the seventh floor! But the thing that kept me guessing at first was the dumb waiter. When I first visited the kitchen the cook was just opening what I thought was a closet and taking out meat and vegetables, bread and eggs, and all sorts of things. I didn't think anything of that until I saw her putting the garbage and waste papers and trash into that same closet at night. But when she commenced to yell and howl to some one in there I began to think it was a spiritual meeting and got scared. I didn't get frightened at anything after that. Buster explained it all to me and told me I would find many curious things that would surprise me before I got through with city life.

MR. BROWN came home one evening with a collar for me, a great leather thing with brass knobs all over it. I was proud of it at first, but soon grew to dislike it because it was in my way and not very comfortable. I always took it off at night when I went to bed, and laid it on the top of the bureau.



Going to bed.

Tige—His Story

I HAD got so accustomed to all kinds of queer things in New York that I took quickly to the use of the telephone. One day Buster and his father had gone out, leaving me at home. I was dozing on the hearthrug when I heard the telephone bell ring. I jumped up and ran to the instrument, and quite distinctly heard Buster say,—

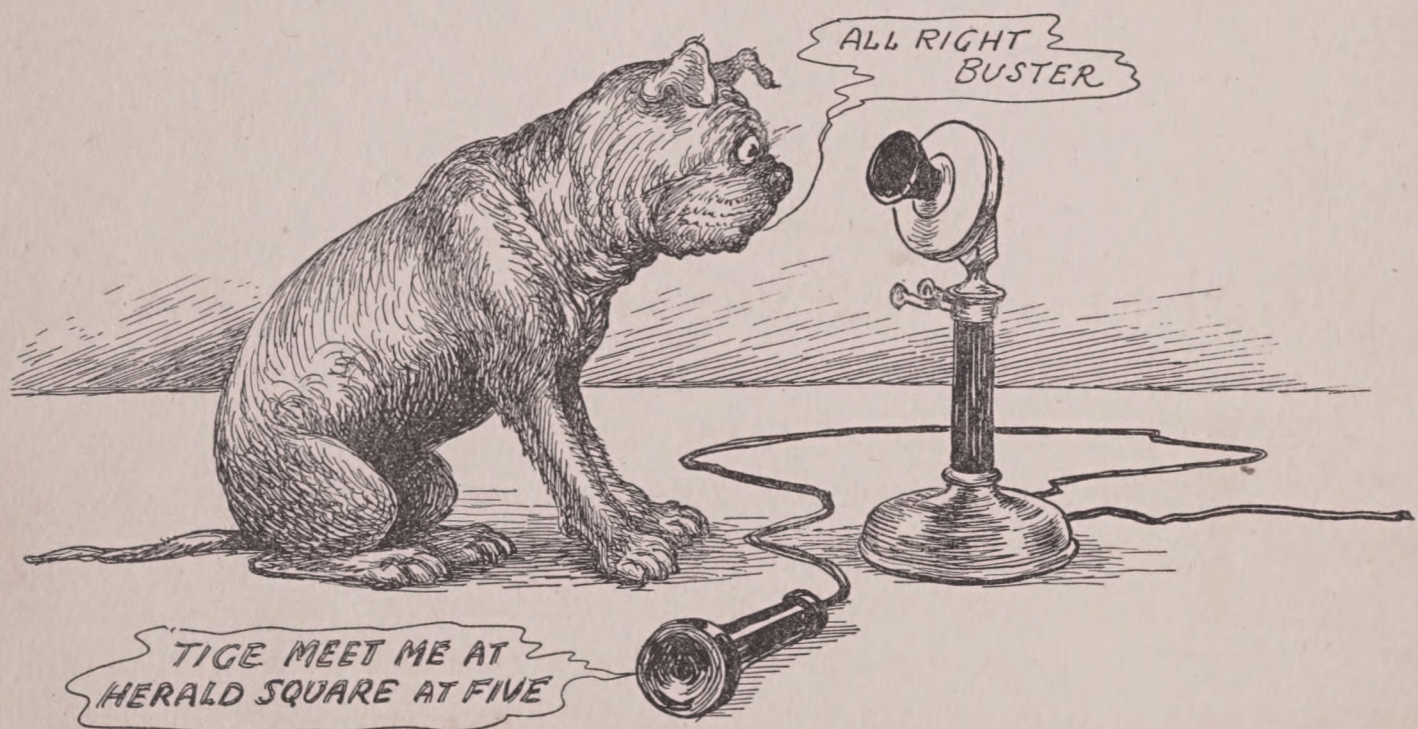
“HELLO!”

“HELLO yourself!” I replied.

“IS that you, Tige?” said Buster.

I GAVE three sharp barks by way of answer, and then I heard him say,—

“IT’S all right, Pa! That’s Tige, sure enough!” And then he hollered to me again:

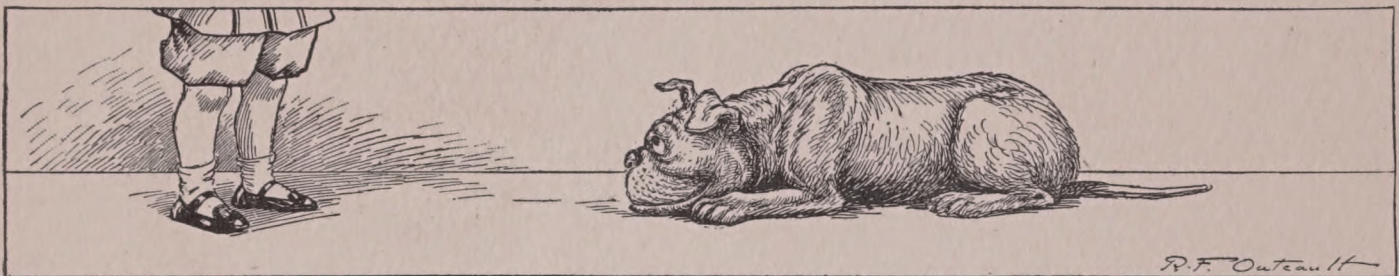


“SAY, Tige! Meet me at Herald Square at five o’clock. We’ll go to the French restaurant for dinner, and then we’ll go to the theatre!”

I CALLED back, “All right, Buster!” hung up the receiver again, and went to my room to dress,—that is to say, to put on my collar. I had to put on my pants as I was trotting down the Avenue, for I was a little late.

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THE day that Buster's mamma got him his regular Buster suit, with belt and breeches, collar and necktie, was the day that they decided to move to the country. I tell you I was happy when I heard that news. Nothing except Buster's companionship had kept me happy in a New York apartment. It is a heathenish place to bring up a boy or a dog, and my heart bleeds when I think of all the dogs and children who pine away and get shrivelled souls and warped minds by being penned up in those narrow loveless streets.



CHAPTER V—Some of Buster's Pranks

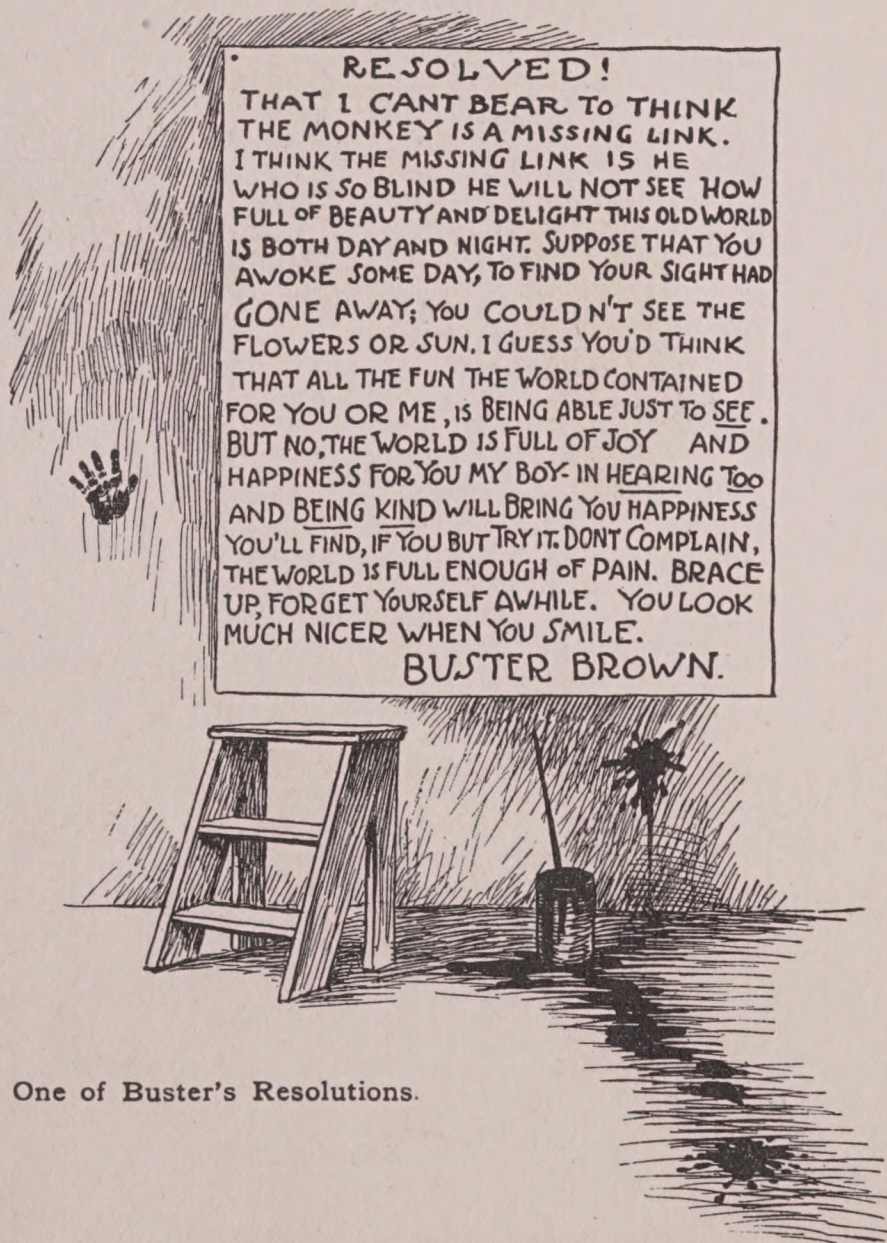


IT was in the city that Buster first began to get into mischief, but it was simply because there was nothing else to do. One Sunday morning, when his mamma was nearly ready for church, as she was putting the last finishing touches to her hat and was admiring her beautiful new coat before the glass, her dear little son just slipped up behind her and pinned on her back a card on which was printed

This
Fine Imitation Sealskin Coat
Only \$20.00

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I could see that a spanking would be the finish of that trick, but dogs have better sense than boys. They went to church that way. Buster, looking like an angel, followed his mother up the aisle to the pew, where they sat through the whole service, with the sign on his mamma's back in plain view of the whole congregation. I don't understand women at all, but I can readily see why a woman with a new five-hundred-dollar coat would n't care to wear a sign like that on her back to church. One of her friends took it off after the service and explained how it had tested the deep religious fervour of the whole congregation. Well, there's no use going into details about the fanning that Buster's coat-tail got on their arrival home.



One of Buster's Resolutions.



R.F. Ostrault

Mrs. Brown Going to Church

Tige—His Story

IT was then that Buster commenced making resolutions, and before long there was a resolution to make every day, and some days three or four. Buster never did anything in a spirit of revenge or malice; even the dreadful trick he played on Mr. Smith was only done for fun, and he could n't understand why poor Mr. Smith could n't see it that way too. Perhaps you do not remember that awful trick, so I will tell you about it.

MR. SMITH was a man who was always playing jokes on somebody; it was his constant delight. Buster knew that no matter how big a joke he should play on Mr. Smith he would not be spanked for it. He really expected his father to give him a present when he should hear about it. So, as we were going along the street one day, Buster walked right into a tailor's shop and said that Mr. Smith wanted some one to call at six o'clock that evening and take his clothes to be cleaned and ironed. The tailor took Mr. Smith's name and address and we went away. But the very next tailor we came to he told the same story, and so on until about ten tailors had promised to call at Mr. Smith's house at six o'clock that very evening.

I THOUGHT this was perfectly dreadful, but it was only the start. We next visited as many as fifteen washerwomen, who were all told to call at Mr. Smith's at six that evening for the linen. After that a few laundries were visited and similar instructions were given to them. All the florists in the neighbourhood were told that Mrs. Smith wanted two dozen roses or five dozen pinks sent to the house at six. In the same way the confectioners were ordered to send candy. "Yes, please charge it," Buster would say in answer to the question that several put to him.

I HATED to see Buster order the meat and fish and oysters and things, but 't was he who was playing the trick. He told at least fifty poor people that if they would go to Mr. Smith's at six o'clock they would receive coal and money and clothes. Some men who sold dogs on the street were told that Mr. Smith wanted to buy a dog. In fact, all afternoon this dear little cherub sent people to the Smiths' on similar errands.

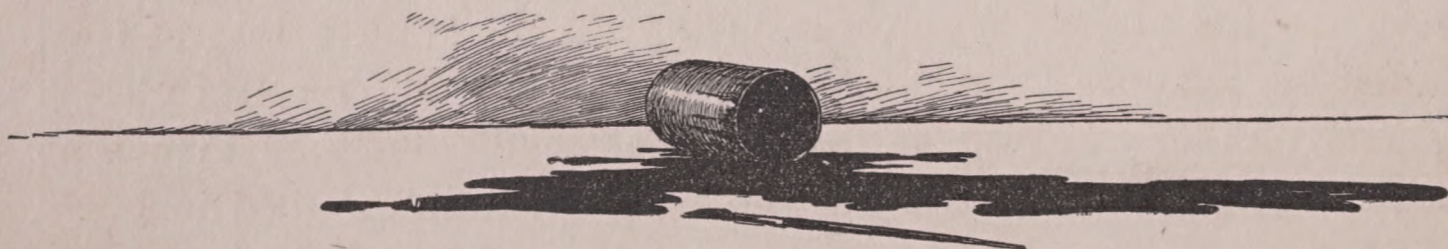
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AT half-past five o'clock we went to the telegraph office and there Buster sent Mr. Smith a telegram—a very long message it was—and told the operator to collect the money at the other end. When we got home he told his papa and mamma that he had met Mrs. Smith and that she had told him to say, "Wouldn't Mr. and Mrs. Brown come over to dinner."

MR. AND MRS. BROWN went. But oh! What a lovely time the Smiths were having when the Browns arrived! Several policemen were keeping the struggling, pushing crowd in line, and trying to prevent a riot. Some of the angry people had threatened the Smiths with violence. Of course Mr. and Mrs. Smith were only too glad to see the Browns,—they needed sympathy and help.

BUSTER was sound asleep when his parents arrived home that night, and a large resolution was tacked on the wall at the head of his bed. Next morning Buster's papa gave him a present. Mr. Smith stopped playing practical jokes long ago, in fact he swore off that very night.

DO you remember the time that Buster Brown dropped a stuffed dummy of himself out of the window? Of course you don't, for you were not there. I was sorry he did that, it frightened his mamma so. But perhaps I'd better tell you about it, it isn't a long story at all. He just filled his pajamas with pillows and towels, and when his mamma came home that evening he dropped the stuffed affair out of the window, and it fell right in front of her. That was an awful shock for poor Ma. When she found out it wasn't Buster she was so glad that she petted him and loved him and gave him all the candy he could eat.



A Lot of Good Resolutions Gone to Waste.

CHAPTER VI—Life on Uncle Jack's Farm— How Buster Rode Old Bawllly



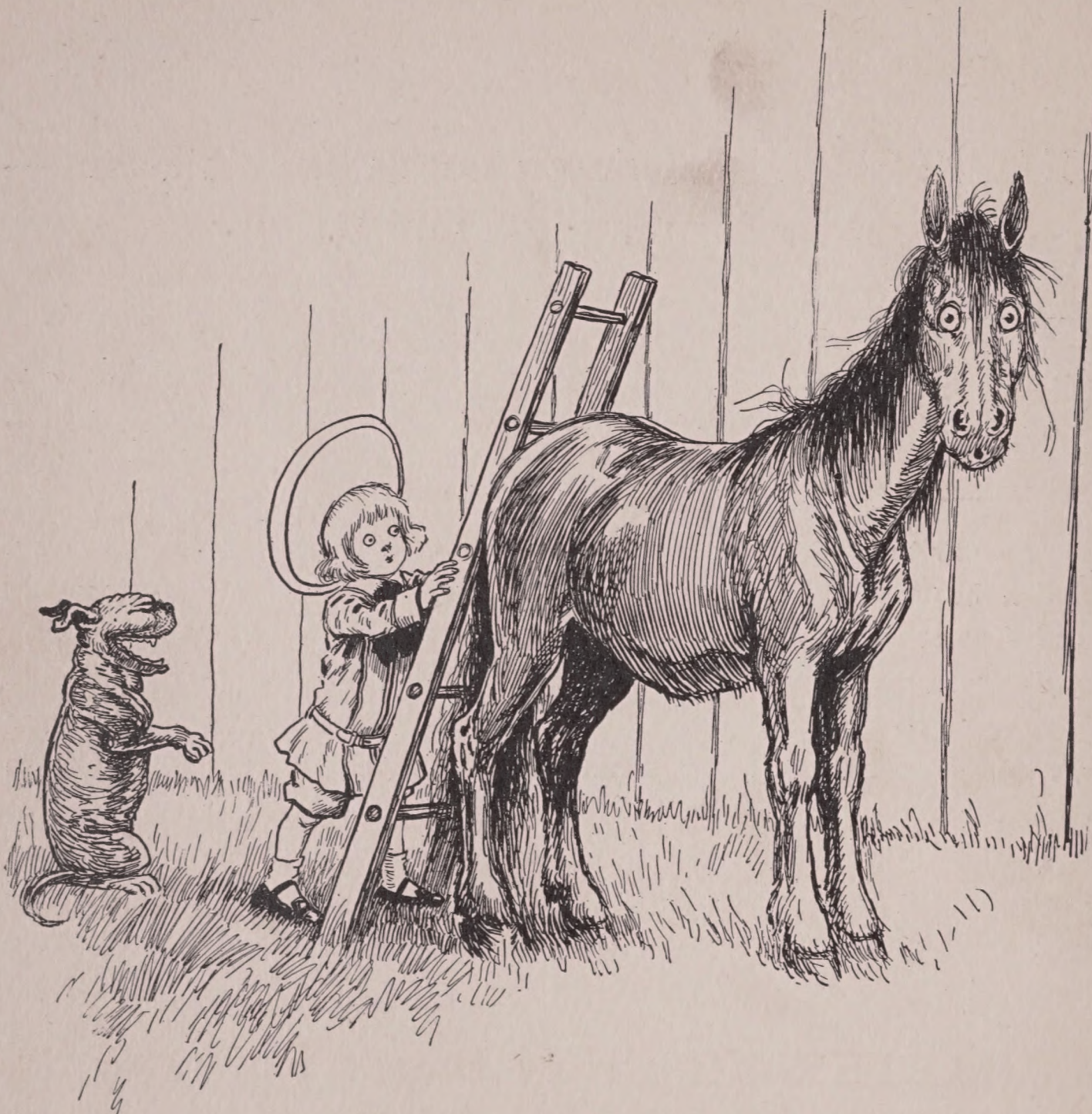
WELL, it seems to me I have got away from my story; but then I am only a dog, and this is the first book I have ever written. It may also be the last, for what could I find to write about except Buster?

I WAS telling you that the day on which Buster got his new suit the Browns decided to move to the country. Mr. Brown had a brother living on a farm somewhere up in New York State, and Buster and myself were sent there for a visit while the packing and moving were going on. I don't know just how pleased Uncle Jack was to see us, but he didn't cry his eyes out when we came away. We had a good time though. A big sigh went up from everything on the farm when we departed.

THOSE days were the best of my life. They certainly were the funniest, for I never knew a little boy could think up so many fool things to do as he did. The day he rode old Bawllly, the horse, I nearly laughed myself to death.

OLD BAWLLY was standing on the east side of the barn facing north. Buster wanted to get on his back, so he got a little old short ladder that was leaning against the side of the woodshed. Now, as I said, the horse was facing north, so Buster put the ladder up against his south end and began climbing it. When he had reached the top of the ladder the old horse just calmly walked away. Down came the ladder "*kerplunk!*" and Buster rolled over and over on the ground. The old horse looked around and laughed, switched his tail, and walked around to the other side of the barn.

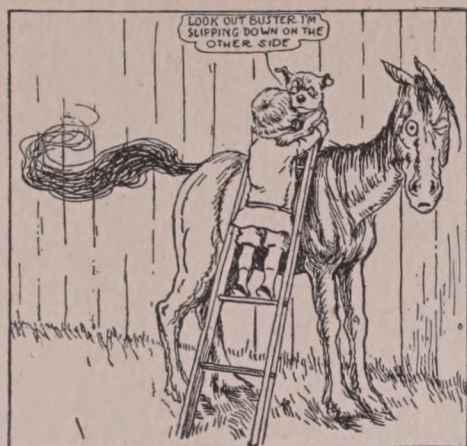
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"Buster put the ladder up against his south end."

WHAT did your friend Buster do? Why, he picked up the ladder and followed him. When the horse stopped he walked up to him and put the ladder up against his side. Now don't ever tell me that horses don't enjoy a joke as much as any one else. That horse stood there and let Buster help me up on his back and get up too.

Tige—His Story



WHEN we were safely on board old horsey's back, Buster kicked the ladder away and said, "Giddap!" Then old Bawly took it on a run. It didn't take me long to bounce



off. I'm no circus dog. Not so with Buster. He hung on like grim death. Up to the orchard went the old horse on a dead run. I followed as fast as my and reached the or-see Mr. Horse go un-apple-tree, scraping and leaving him hang-the horse walked the orchard, switching to himself. Buster got but was a little while. The next time I saw the old horse was that afternoon, in company with some other horses, and they were all laughing their heads off. I'm sure he had been telling them about the whole thing.



CHAPTER VII—How Buster Rode the Pig



DO you believe that that experience put an end to Buster's attempts to ride things? No, *sir*!

THE next day he came out of the stable with a saddle. He didn't see me, so I just followed him. At last he came to an old sedate-looking hog that was blinking in the sun.

Yes! that's what he did, put the saddle on the pig and got aboard!

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THE pig decided to go away, and when he did, he went away fast, *awfully fast!* Down the hill he went, and headed directly for a hedge. I could see the finish of that ride, I thought. But I was mistaken, for when the pig dashed out on the other side Buster was still on his back. Piggy kept on running and snorting, and attracted the attention of a lot of other pigs, who joined the race. I suppose they thought it was a race.

NOW in all my life I never saw such a funny sight. Buster Brown on piggy-back at the head of a whole herd of snorting swine. The more I ran, the more excuse they had to get excited and believe they were being chased. The bees from the three or four hives that they had tipped over now joined in, and gave the pigs more reason to increase their speed. It was a race fit for the Coliseum at Rome. Buster hung on; he could n't well do anything else now with all those pigs at his heels.

DOWN in the barnyard, where the pigs live, there is a puddle of the dirtiest water I ever saw, where the pigs wallow. That's where that herd was headed for, and that's where the race wound up. Oh, *dear me*, what a sight for sore eyes was my dear little comrade when he crawled out of that hog-hole! I would love to have an instantaneous photograph of what Uncle Jack said when he saw his nice new saddle. Buster's aunt thought some serious things when she had to put him under the pump. He wanted to save his money and buy that pig! What do you think of that? I laughed until I got hysterical and Uncle Jack had to throw a pail of cold water in my face. I was afraid that there was more coming, and so I made tracks!



"I made tracks!"



"The pig decided to go away!"

CHAPTER VIII—More Adventures on the Farm—Buster goes Fishing—Did I Catch the Turtle, or Did the Turtle Catch Me?



UNT EMELINE and Uncle Jack had no children of their own, so that's why most of Buster's curves were new to them. Each time he did some crazy thing they were as much surprised as though they had never seen a little boy. If they could only have taken hold of his line of thought they could have got some idea of what he was going to do.

WHAT queer games he was up to, to be sure! There was the time Buster planted the ducks. Yes, *sir!*—planted a lot of little baby ducklings in nice little holes in the ground, then got the watering-pot, and sprinkled them all nice, so they would grow.

NOTHING ever seemed to hurt that boy or to discourage him. The old cow kicked him right out through the roof because he was milking her, and as he came down "*kerplunk*" in the barnyard all he said was, "Gee! she's touchy!" Pshaw! I just learned to love and admire him more every day when we were out on Uncle Jack's farm. And laugh—I just began at that time to see how funny it all was.

BUT the day he went fishing in the creek I did n't even begin to suspect what was going to happen. Well, what happened to me was good and plenty that day. Uncle Jack fixed up an outfit for Buster, consisting of a cane rod, a hook and line, and a can of bait. Then we started for the creek. I carried a little basket containing our luncheon. We expected to bring that basket home full of fish. We did n't bring it home at all that day, but went after it the next day.

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THERE is a foot-bridge across the creek, made of a huge log that had been hewn off flat on one side. We struck the creek near this foot-bridge, so we decided to fish from it. We sat down on the log, fixed the rod, and then baited the hook and cast it into the water. For a long time we watched the shiny red cork that bobbed along on the surface of the creek, which was deeper here than at any other place. We could look down into the water and see the pretty sunfish darting about, and whole schools of minnows, but nothing seemed to touch our bait. I love to hear the gurgling of the water over the stones and among the long grass, and smell the peppermint that grows along the bank. There we sat listening to the birds and the hum of the bees, and watching the dragon-flies darting about. It was all sweet and lovely, but we came there to fish, not to write poetry, and we didn't seem to be getting any bites.

ALL of a sudden the cork disappeared, and the line commenced to run out. Buster pulled with all his might. Out came a great big snapping-turtle, which so frightened him that he lost his balance and over he went into the water. I jumped in after him and got him by the coat, and lugged him out, but he still hung on to the



"It hurts to have a snapping-turtle take a hold of your tail."

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line and dragged out the turtle after him. Old Mr. Turtle made a hard fight, but Buster did too, and finally had him out on the grass. Three or four cows came up to see what was going on,



"They stripped off Buster's wet clothes."

and I turned around to tell one of them all about how Buster got so wet, and just as quick as a wink that turtle had me by the tail. I tell you it hurts to have a big snapping-turtle take a hold of your tail. I let out a squawk and started for home. Do you think he let go? No, *sir!*



"Then they tied up my tail."

THEY stripped off Buster's wet clothes and put him to bed between warm blankets, and gave him some hot catnip tea. Then they tied up my tail, and wanted to give me some catnip too. I begged to be excused. I had had all the nips I wanted.

WE had turtle-soup the next day for dinner. I didn't eat any—I was too mad. My tail was in a sling for a week.

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CHAPTER IX—Fun with a Goose—I take a Seidlitz Powder



THE day that Mrs. G. Whitaker Whack came over to spend the day with Auntie Emeline was the day Buster dropped a goose down the chimney. Oh, but that was a naughty trick!

AFTER he caught that goose and climbed up the ladder on to the roof with it, I knew that its destination was the



“He caught that goose.”

parlour, so I went in there. There sat dear Aunt Emeline and Mrs. G. Whitaker Whack, sewing. Mrs. Whack was saying that she had always believed in ghosts, and she was telling of some things she had

Tige—His Story

seen in her time that made her believe in spirits. But Aunt Emeline said she could n't bring herself to believe anything that she could n't see with her own eyes. I suppose if that 's the case she don't believe in the law of gravitation. I suppose she does n't know that animals and insects can smell and see and hear things that people cannot.

BUT while all this conversation was going on dear little industrious Buster was on the roof trying to get that old goose into the chimney. All of a sudden, with a great noise, the goose came dashing down the chimney with about a barrel of soot, and with a wild squawk plunged out of the grate into the middle of the nice clean parlour. The two kind ladies just went back in their chairs, turning a complete somersault and rolling over into two opposite corners of the room, screaming at the top of their voices. After the goose had dashed out of the door and the clouds of dust and ashes had settled, I could see that there was a black streak from the fireplace to the door that had simply ruined dear Aunt Emeline's parlour carpet.

AS I said before, Uncle Jack and Aunt Emeline didn't cry their eyes out when we left, which was that very evening. The conductor of the train on which we returned put us in the baggage-car, because he said he wished to get his train to New York on schedule time, so he wanted Buster where he could be watched. Pa was at the Grand Central Station to meet us, and he escorted us to our new home out on Long Island.

WELL, we had n't been home fifteen minutes when Buster played a trick on me that nearly cost me my life. Poor Ma was so tired and overcome from the work and excitement of moving that she had a headache. She had just fixed a seidlitz powder for herself, by putting two separate powders into two separate glasses half filled with water. It seems she was going to put the water from one glass into the other. I had never heard of a seidlitz powder before. Well, just as she was about to mix them, she was called from the room for a moment. As soon as she was gone Buster offered me one of the glasses and I drank it. It was not bad, and so, when he gave me the other glass, I drank that. I don't believe an elephant could stand a dose like that inside him.

Tige—His Story

IN three seconds I began to foam at the mouth, and clouds of smoke and foam ran out of my eyes, nose, and ears. I turned as many kinds of somersaults (to say nothing of epsom salts) as there are to turn. I rolled over on the floor and grabbed myself by the



stomach. Howl? No, I could n't howl! I could n't breathe! I felt myself growing unconscious. I was going around like a top. Buster was so frightened that he had crept under the table and was screaming, "*Ma!*" "*Help!*" "*Police!*" "*Fire!*" and "*Murder!*" at the top of his voice.

Tige—His Story

WELL, the firemen didn't come, and the police didn't come, but Ma came. She burst into the room and just stood and watched me until I ran down. At first she was going to run, but when

she saw the two empty glasses her first awful suspicion that I was mad disappeared.

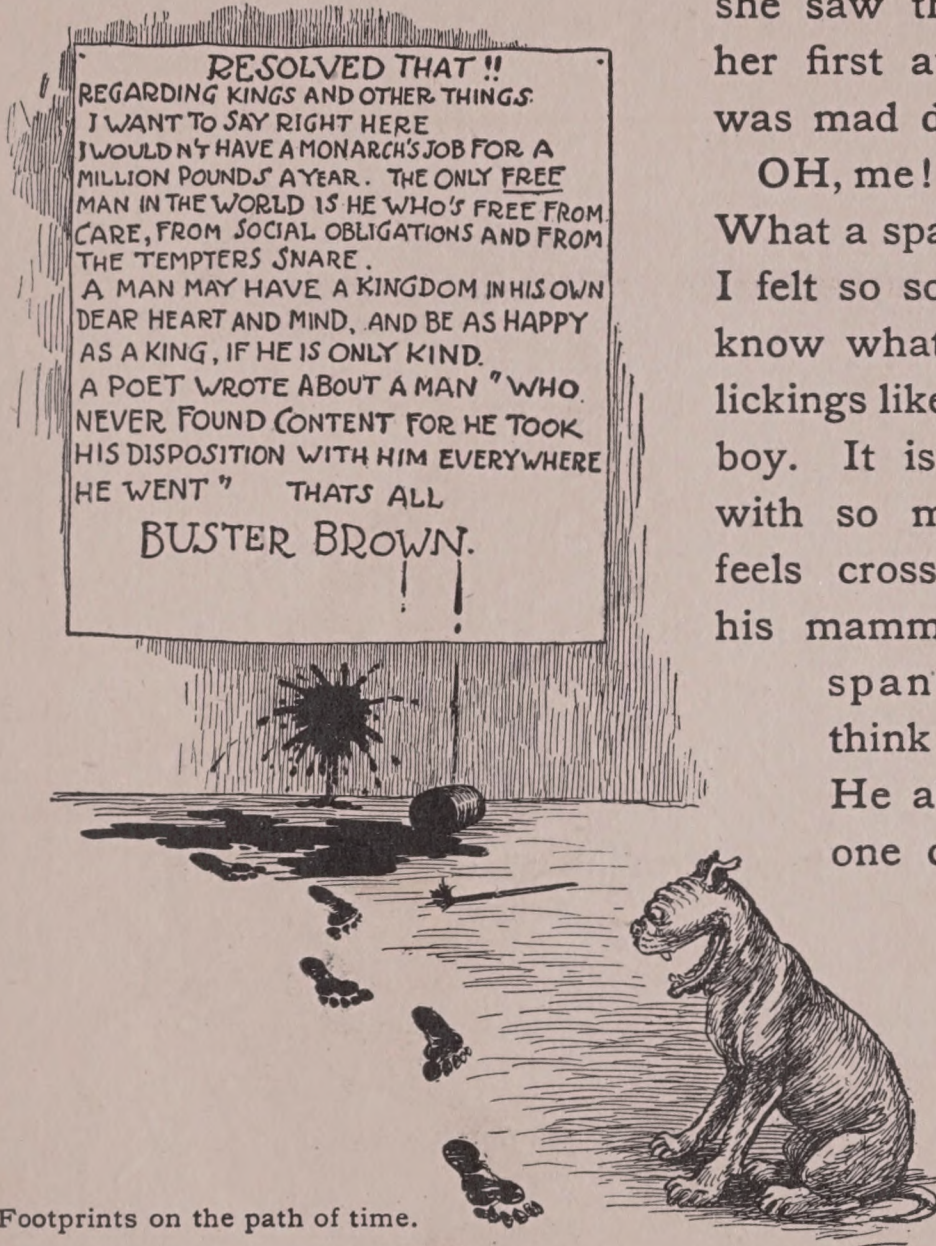
OH, me! Oh, my! Oh, mamma! What a spanking poor Buster got. I felt so sorry for him I didn't know what to do. He takes his lickings like a regular soldier, that boy. It is lovely to see a chap with so much grit. He never feels cross or resentful toward his mamma, either, after he is

spanked. He seems to think it is a part of the trick. He always realises that no one could do wrong with-

out some time suffering for it. He told me once that every cause had its effect just as surely as I was a dog. He knows, too, that no

Footprints on the path of time.

one can do a good, or kind, or generous act without feeling happy afterward. Why, I do wish you could see some of the resolutions he has made. You would think that any one who could make so wise a resolution would never break it. But after all no one has ever seen dear Buster do a really bad thing. Whenever he did what appeared very naughty, it was a mistake, he didn't mean it.



CHAPTER X—A Country Home and Country Dogs—Buster and I are Vaccinated



BUSTER and I were both delighted with our new home in Flushing. We found a number of good companions to play with. There were lots of nice boys and girls in our neighbourhood for Buster, and I found a lot of very friendly dogs. The first morning I went out I met all the dogs in our end of the town waiting around the yard. They said "Hello!" to me, and of course I said "Hello!" to them. They wagged their tails in a friendly way, which is shorthand in dog talk for "We like you." In a few minutes we were bounding over the field and vacant lots, dashing through the tall grass, and playing tag in the same way that dogs play it everywhere. Dogs seem to know the rules for all dog games anywhere you go, and I've never heard them quarrelling over a game.

THERE was a wonderful assortment of dogs in our neighbour-



"A wonderful assortment of dogs."

hood. A great St. Bernard, two fox-terriers, two collies, a white bull-terrier, a little bit of a Yorkshire terrier, and several "sooner dogs."

Tige—His Story

I don't know why they are called "sooner dogs." I suppose it is because they would sooner eat and sleep than anything else. But I have always found that the dogs with no pretence to aristocratic parentage were the kindest and usually the smartest, just like a good many people and other kinds of animals.

BUSTER'S mamma put him into a little private school the week after we were all settled in our new home. His papa objected to that; he wanted him to go to the public school, but Mamma finally had her way and he was started in. I had to amuse myself as best I could while he was in school. After taking him there I used to return home and study the dictionary for awhile, and then



"I used to study the dictionary."


run out and play with the other dogs until it was time for us to go to the school and watch for our young charges to come out. Tag was our favourite game, but sometimes we played "Pussy wants a corner," and when we played the latter Pussy generally *did* want a corner — or a tree.

THE time that Buster was vaccinated it was all his own fault, and, as much as I always loved him, I really did think that he deserved it because he told a lie. I don't think he ever told a lie before or after that. Of course he didn't realise that it was a lie, — he thought it was only a joke. He came late to school one morning, and, glancing around the room, he noticed that Willie Smith was absent. So when the teacher asked him why he was late he replied that he had called for Willie. He deliberately told her that he had seen Willie, and that Willie was in bed with the small-pox.

Tige—His Story

WITH that there was a wild rush for the door. Books and pencils flew about in every direction, and the other scholars all ran for the street. The teacher just calmly grabbed Buster and hustled him across the street to the doctor's office, where, much to his astonishment, he was vaccinated. I would never have been vaccinated if I hadn't bitten the doctor, but when I saw Buster screaming and yelling I felt so sorry for him that I couldn't help biting the doctor. When I bit the doctor he was so enraged that he sent for another doctor and they vaccinated *me*. Well, I would rather have anything than the sore leg I had after that. Poor Buster! his arm swelled up like a balloon; and, my! but it did hurt him. He made a mighty strong resolution after that.

CHAPTER XI—Buster's Sunday-School Lesson and Its Effects—A Few Remarks about Cats



I SHALL never forget the first time he went to Sunday-school. I wasn't with him, but I saw all I wanted to see of the funny side of it. That first day the teacher was telling her pupils about Adam and Eve. She explained that Eve was made from Adam's rib, which was taken from his side while he slept.

THE story took a great hold on Buster, and he came directly home and asked his mamma if it was true. His mamma told him that it was. All afternoon and evening he sat in deep meditation and went to bed very much depressed or impressed. I couldn't make out what was the matter with him. But about eleven o'clock I found out what was on his mind. I was lying

Tige—His Story

asleep at the head of his bed when all of a sudden he gave a wild yell and a scream of terror. His parents rushed to the room and asked what the trouble was. "Quick, quick!" he howled; "send for the doctor! I'm dying, I'm sure. Oh! Oh!"

HIS father telephoned for the doctor, who promised to come at once. Buster kept yelling and rolling about in his bed as though he was in convulsions, complaining of a terrible pain in his side. Finally the old doctor arrived. "Buster! Buster!" said the doctor, "what is the matter?" "O Doctor!" screamed Buster, "I have a terrible pain in my rib; I think I'm going to have a wife."

THE doctor examined his side carefully and assured him that *he* was quite sure that Buster's suspicions were wrong. Finally when we were left alone, and Buster had fallen asleep, I could hear Mr. and Mrs. Brown and the old family physician downstairs, laughing themselves almost into convulsions.

I NEVER went to a Sunday-school in my life. I don't believe there is one for dogs. I know one thing, though,—“Love is the fulfilling of the law,” and if we are kind and love our neighbours we have learned all they can tell us in Sunday-school. I think dogs ought to go to heaven, at least most of them; for are dogs not as kind and forgiving as they can be? I think dogs could teach little boys lots of things about forgiveness, if little boys would only learn. I have known lots of dogs who didn't have kind, gentle masters and sweet comfortable homes like I have always had, who were as forgiving as they could be.

THE worst thing I have ever done was to chase cats. I didn't intend to hurt them, but it does amuse me and make me laugh to see a cat run up a tree. Even then I wouldn't frighten the



“The worst thing I have ever done.”

poor things just for my own amusement. But it does make me

Tige—His Story

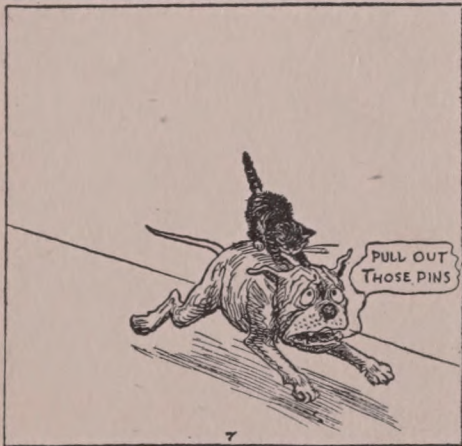
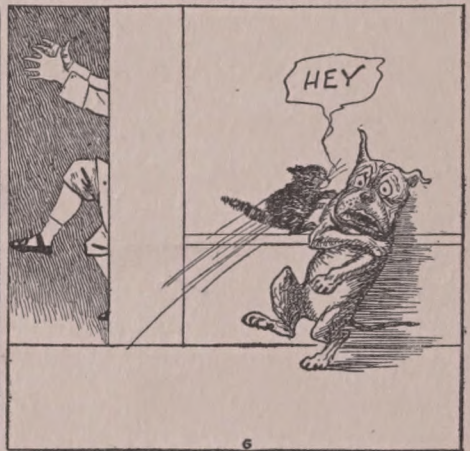
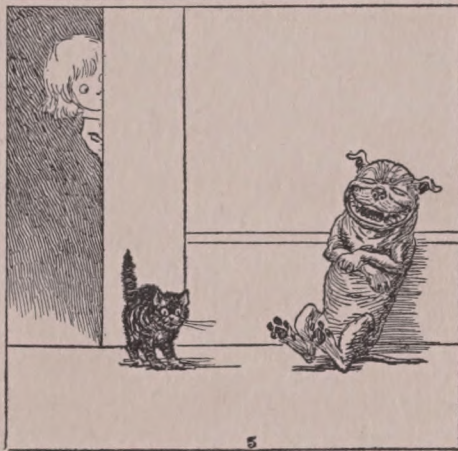
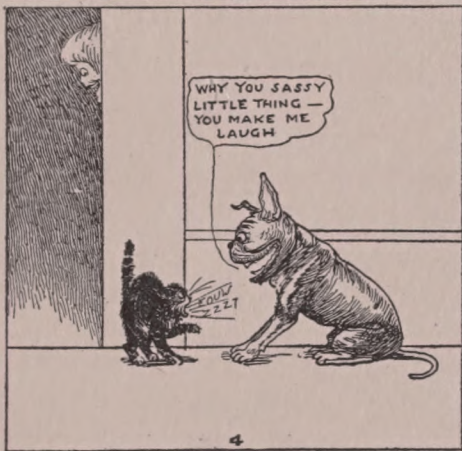
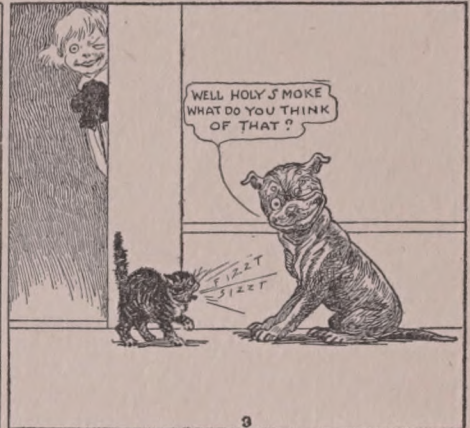
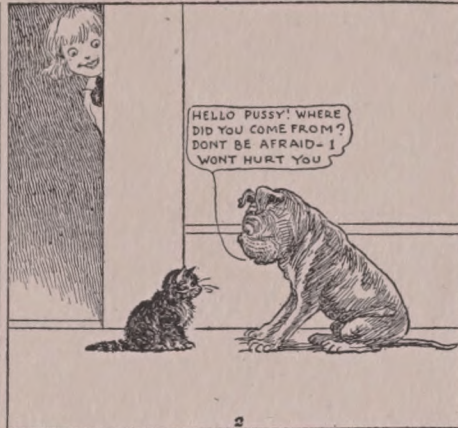
angry when I see a cat trying to catch a poor little bird. O cats, cats! why do you want to kill the poor little birds?

BUT sometimes a cat can turn the tables on a dog, as I well know to my sorrow. And it was n't a great big tom-cat of fifteen pounds' weight, but a little mewling kitten that hardly weighed half a pound. But oh, my! he was a holy terror for his size, and his claws were like needles—only more so.

ONE day Buster brought in a little round ball of fur with an innocent little face, that looked as if it wanted nothing better than cream and would abhor the idea of catching mice. Buster put the kitten down just in front of me and introduced us. I was just as gracious as I could be, and smiled my sweetest. Perhaps my smile is rather expansive, and I suppose it must have frightened the kitten, for in an instant the back of that innocent-looking bundle of fur went up, the face opened, and from the aperture came a sound like the fizzing of a bottle of soda-water,—only worse.

YOU could have knocked me down with a crowbar when I saw the little lump of impudence with its paw raised and an air of defiance and ferocity on its face. I just leaned back against the wall and grinned my hardest, and I could hear Buster snickering in the doorway. I did n't laugh long, though, for the little imp made a flying leap for my nose, a feature about which I am particularly sensitive.

I TURNED tail and fled, and in an instant that little parcel of red-hot claws was on my back, and I was streaking it through the halls and up the stairs. Luckily Buster's mamma was just about to take a bath, and as I heard the water running into the tub I saw my salvation. With a bound I was head over heels in the bath, and that wretched little kitten was nearly drowned. But I opened my mouth (the little beast was n't a mouthful any way), picked it up, and dropped it on the floor,—the most forlorn little specimen of kittenhood you ever saw. I was saved, but it made me mad to hear Buster say, "O Tige! what in the world are you doing to poor pussy?" "Poor pussy! indeed!" thought I. "Gee! what's the matter with poor Tige?"



CHAPTER XII — Some Cat Tales



AS a rule, cats are selfish and vain; they don't love any one but just themselves. See how our cat sits and washes her face and paws, and then calmly lies down in the sun to sleep. But, after all, cats have some nice things about them: they are quite beautiful sometimes, and if treated kindly will become quite fond of their owners.

I HEARD a very interesting story told one evening to a party of people who were dining with Mr. and Mrs. Brown. The gentleman who told it said he would vouch for the truth of it as it was his own neighbour's cat. It had been a great pet in the family until two young bull-terrier puppies were brought into the house. They were playful puppies, and when they found pussy would run away from them, they would chase after her. She was more frightened than they had any idea of, and as they grew older they kept the poor cat living on top of something all the time to keep out of their way. The family did not observe that their cat was fairly pining away for the caresses she used to get.

WELL, one day Miss Pussy just couldn't bear it any longer. The dogs had taken her place in the affections of the family, and she was tired of being worried all the time and being driven all over the house, so she walked deliberately down the front steps, and when the trolley car came dashing down the street she lay down on the track and was killed before the motorman could understand what she was up to and stop his car. Does n't that show how sensitive animals are?

I ALWAYS thought I would like to be a clown dog. I am like lots of other people, I would like to go on the stage. It does seem to me that they have such a good time. I heard an actor say that being on the stage was a dog's life. And that's why dogs

Tige—His Story

like it, I suppose. The nearest I ever came to being on the stage was when they took me to the dog-show. I was stared at and petted and talked to until I grew awfully self-conscious. I never knew why they took me to the dog-show. I didn't take the prize. There were lots of dogs there that I was sure would never take the prize. But you know when people love their dogs they really think they are the finest in the world. Love certainly does cover a multitude of sins. The whole Brown family thought I should have had the prize; just because I am intelligent and kind and good. It is in heaven where we get our reward for those things. The dog that did get the prize was the most arrogant and dull-brained loafer I ever met. I don't say that because I am jealous, but because I am surprised.

BUT I am wandering from my subject, for I was talking about cats. The man who told about the cat that committed suicide told another cat story that evening, and this story, he said, was also true. The incident happened in the New England village where he was born. As nearly as I can remember the story, it was like this.

THERE were two boys in the family by the names of Jack and Billy. Some one or something had been stealing the little chickens,—each day two or three would be missing,—and as they were of a fine breed it became quite alarming. The family was talking about it one day at dinner, and wondering what or who the thief could be. They had noticed that their beautiful tom-cat had been seen in the neighbourhood of the hen-yard very often of late, and, much as they hated to think it might be pussy who was guilty of such a wicked piece of business, they finally decided that he was the culprit. What were they to do? Tom couldn't go on eating the chickens, and how could they explain to him that it was not only a criminal but an expensive habit that he was getting into? Well, they decided that the only thing to do was to do away with pussy.

THE next day, when poor Tom was seen slowly walking down the garden walk toward the hen-yard, Jack and Billy took down the rifle and stole cautiously along through the currant and gooseberry bushes to where they expected to catch Mr. Cat in the act

Tige—His Story

of stealing a chick. They finally hid themselves among the thick bushes at a spot where they could see the whole of the hen-yard. One side of the yard was against the barn, while another side was enclosed by a very tall board fence, perhaps ten feet high.

THE boys hadn't long to wait before they saw pussy on the top of the fence. Then he dropped noiselessly down into the yard. Now, strange to the boys was the fact that the cat's appearance didn't excite any commotion among the chickens, not a hen cackled or ran, they all went about their business as unconcerned as though no cat were there. The boys thought this was strange indeed, for at other times when they had missed chickens there had been a commotion that did not subside for an hour.

WELL, pussy just crept quietly over to the side of the yard by the barn and sat quietly down alongside of a rat-hole. *There!* that was the explanation—it was not Pussy, but the rats. So they waited, but not long, for soon a big gray rat, a savage-looking fellow, darted out of that hole, and in an instant Pussy had him by the neck, while he struggled fiercely for his freedom. Now the hen-yard was in an uproar: hens ran about frantically and cackled; chicks fled in terror to their mothers; and the excitement was awful.

NOW comes in the strangest part of the story, a great gamecock, who was the pride of the place, bristled up, and slowly but deliberately strutted over to where the cat stood holding the struggling rat. Pussy understood what was coming: he had seen that same brave rooster fight rats before, so he held his head high so as to give every chance to Mr. Gamecock to do his work. With a savage spring the cock struck the rat with both of his sharp spurs; again and again he dealt him terrible blows. When the rat showed no more signs of life other chickens ran up and pecked at him, until finally Mr. Puss, quite well satisfied that he was dead, sprang with him onto the roof of the hen-house and disappeared over the tall fence.

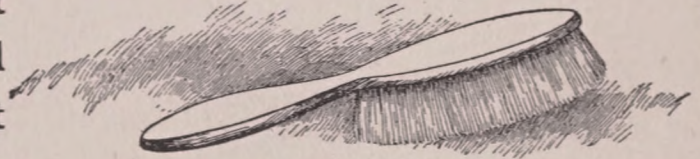
HOW relieved and happy Jack and Billy were to find that their pet cat was not a culprit, but a hero! They at once began a crusade against the rats in that barn that soon put an end to them.

CHAPTER XIII—Buster's "Treatments"—An Attack of Measles—Some of My Adventures



DO you know, I have never been sick in my life, I never had even the colic or the pip. But then, why should I? I have a happy disposition, and that will keep anybody well. Then I get plenty of plain food and exercise, to say nothing of lots of fresh air.

BUSTER BROWN was never ill but once in his life. He takes a regular treatment every day. It is not osteopathy or absent treatment. Indeed it is very present treatment. It is taken in external applications. He doesn't think it does him any good, but his mother is a great believer in it. It doesn't come in bottles, and I never heard of a doctor who ever prescribed it, although most druggists keep it. It is never used for grown people, but when you know what the instrument used for this treatment is, you will guess pretty well why Buster doesn't like it.



"Here it is!"

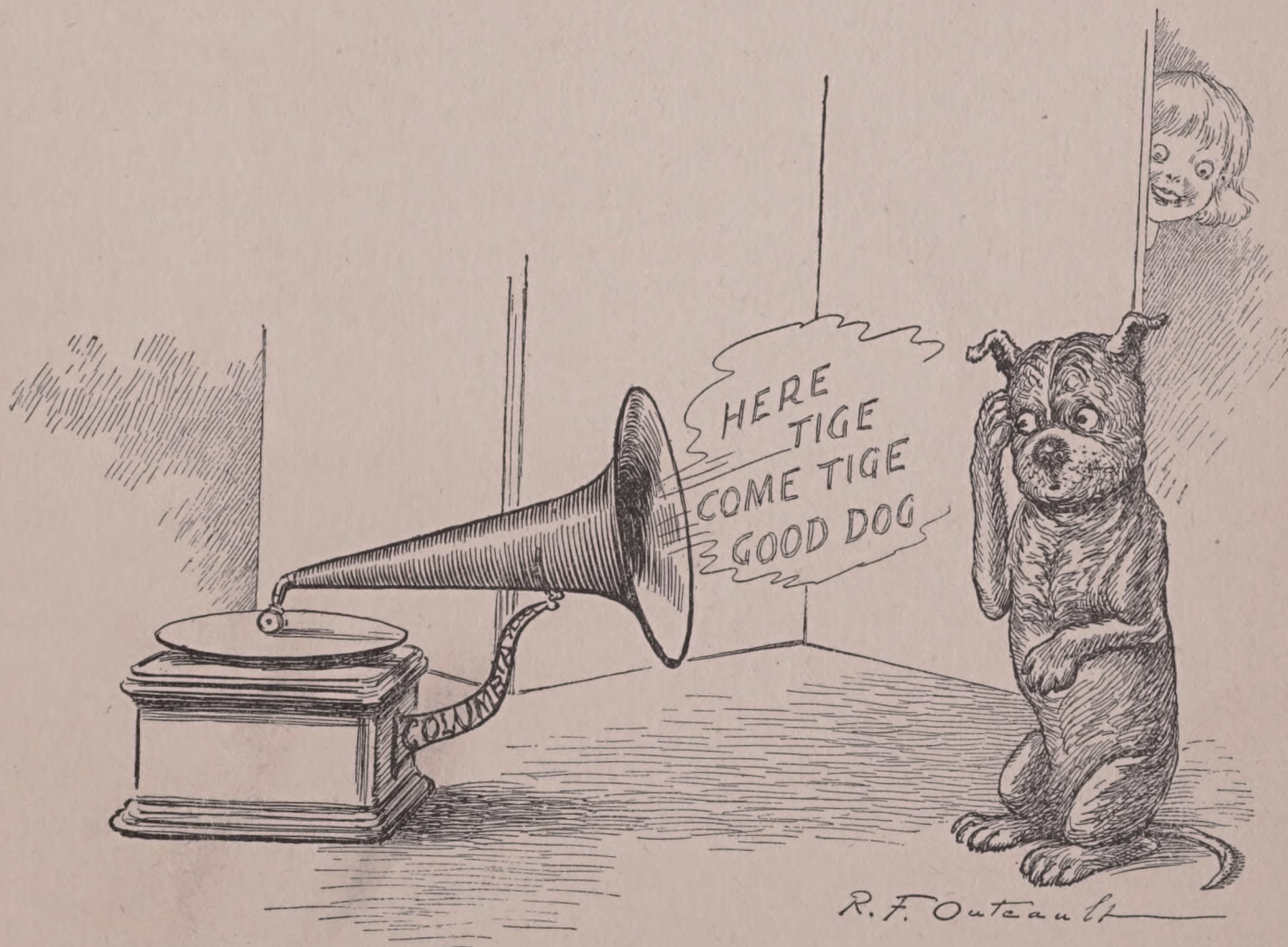
BUT that isn't what he got when he had the measles. I don't think he really had more than one measles, but he felt badly and went to bed, and, dear me! what a terrible fright his mother had. They sent for the preacher, two doctors, three Christian Science healers, and four nurses. When doctors arrived they decided to give Buster a dose. He lay quietly in bed and watched them pour it out in a spoon. Then Ma and Grandma and Delia and Pa and the two doctors and I all approached the bed very stealthily, as though Buster were fast asleep, when all the time there he lay looking straight at us. Then one of the doctors, a mealy-mouthed old thing, said in a very nice voice:

Tige—His Story

“HERE, Buster dear, is some nice pretty medicine for you; take this and it will make you well.”

JUST as they all got close to the bed, up jumped Buster, and over the foot of the bed he went, and out of the door, with all hands after him. The next minute a little white nightgown with a little boy inside of it was spinning across the lawn with a whole bunch of grown people in hot pursuit. Over the neighbour's fence he went and disappeared in the stable, followed by Pa and Ma, Delia, Grandma, doctors, and all. After a long search we found Buster up in the hayloft. It took a good deal of coaxing to get him down,—promises of all sorts of nice things. He was to have a pony cart, a phonograph, and a bicycle, and what's more, he got 'em.

THAT was the same phonograph with the big horn into which I jumped that time. Yes, *sir!* I jumped right into the horn and



Duty before Discretion.

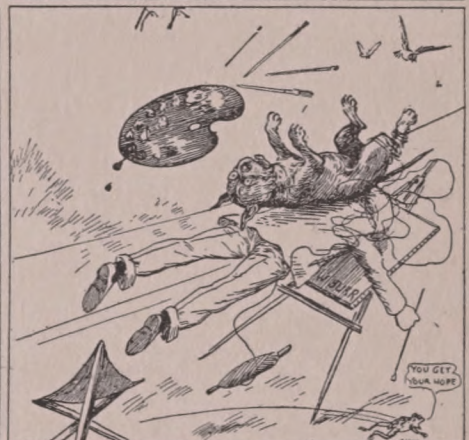
Tige—His Story

broke the phonograph all up. But it was not my fault. I heard some one in there calling, "Here, Tige! Come, Tige! Good dog!" and then whistling; so I didn't stop to think about it, but just jumped right in with all my might, and got my head stuck fast. Oh, my! but I felt foolish when they all howled with laughter. I think that people shouldn't fool dogs. However, they didn't blame me,—they just got a new phonograph.

ONE of the most exciting and thrilling experiences that I ever had was when I got caught in Buster's kite-twine and was carried flying across the country. Buster had made himself a huge kite, and we went out into the fields to sail it. It went up fine, for the wind was blowing pretty well. Buster was having his own time holding on to the twine. It got into a tangle on the ground, and as I never noticed it I got all snarled up in it. About that time the kite got away from Buster and away I went.

FOR a while I was dragged across the fields just a few feet from the ground, sometimes bumping against things. There happened to be an artist sketching over on the side of the hill, and when I came booming along I hit that poor painter "*kerplunk*," knocking him over, and getting his easel and picture all tangled up in the mess of twine that trailed after me. Before the surprised and half-stunned man had recovered his senses and his feet, his picture was sailing across country at a fine gait. But we were too heavy for even a big kite to carry very high, and so we all landed in a tree. There I hung by the leg until Buster and the painter had got a ladder from a farmhouse and climbed up to where I was and lifted me down.

MY! but I felt foolish. All the cows and sheep and birds assembled to watch, and I would have barked at them good, but the tree had more bark than I had. I was *done up*. I could scarcely walk home, and when I did get to Buster's room I went straight to bed. No bones were broken or real harm done, so I got well over-night, but I don't ever want to be an aëronaut. I wasn't nearly so frightened the time Buster used an umbrella as a parachute and we escaped from a burning hotel in London.



A Tremendous Adventure.

CHAPTER XIV—Some Dog Stories—Two Fights in Which I Was Interested



FEW pages back I told some stories about cats, and now I propose to wag a few tales about dogs.

I ONCE knew a dog who was always chasing cats. He would leave his supper to run after a cat. He had catomania, Buster said. Well, one day that dog was lying on the floor, up-stairs in his master's room, sound asleep. A cat yowled out in the yard under the window, and the master, purely in fun, said "Sic 'em, Reb!" Reb sicked 'em all right,—right out through the window. But when he hit the ground I heard him go "oof!" which is dog-talk for "gosh!" or something of that kind. He had to sit down and rest his face and hands for a few minutes, and pussy was getting busy over back fences a half a mile away by the time he got together. His master apologized to him for it, and Reb forgave him, but I'll bet he now stops to think it over before he jumps out of windows.

I HEARD Mr. Brown reading a story of a dog one evening, in a paper he bought at the dog-show. I was very much interested in that story, because it was true. It told of a dog that belonged to a family in Kentucky. He was a beautiful shepherd dog, and the family loved him, but they were poor and sold him to a man who lived across the river in Ohio, a few miles back from the river. Well, the new master took his dog home with him and chained him to his kennel.

NOW, to cut the story short, this is just what happened. Mr. Dog waited until all hands were fast asleep, then he dragged that kennel to the Ohio River, swam across, and dragged it to his old home, where he was found wagging his wet tail furiously when the family got up

Tige—His Story

in the morning. Talk about having a few cans tied to a dog's tail—that's nothing compared to a kennel tied to your neck.

I KNOW a dog who thinks he is a cat. Now that's true,—yes, *sir!*—thinks he is a cat. His mother died from astonishment when she found she had only one puppy; he was the one, and as he was only about three days old when she departed this life (as they say in the papers), he was in a mighty lonesome fix. But it happened there was a cat by the name of Tabby, that had five little kittens just three days old. Some one took the little puppy dog and socked him down with the kittens. The mother cat looked a little mystified and puzzled when she returned to her box where the kittens were asleep. Dear old puss, she did n't throw him out, but just adopted him. That dog will never bark at a cat, because he thinks he is a cat himself. It would be funny if some one put him down in front of a looking-glass alongside of a cat. Even if he should discover his mistake I don't believe he would bother cats.

THIS dog and I were talking one day, and I was telling him of the only dog-fight I ever had. I never could bear the idea of fighting; but there are times, I am sure, when we are forced into it. I know I was that time. A new family had moved into the neighbourhood and brought with them a very vicious dog. Whatever made him vicious I'm sure I don't know. He seemed to be well and comfortable. I would never have fought with him except that it was to save Buster.

DEAR little Buster did n't know there were any cross things in the world, so when the dog started for him he did n't run, but stood looking at him. I saw what was going to happen, so I ran to head him off. I wasn't quite quick enough to do that, but I reached him just before he reached Buster, so I grabbed him by the tail. Of course it hurt him, for I was holding on pretty tight. He was a bulldog, so he turned quickly and tried to get me by the leg. That's a fighting-dog's trick. But oh, no! I happen to be a bulldog myself, and I knew that trick. He went round and round, and so did I. The more he tried to get hold of me, the more I

Tige—His Story

chewed on his tail. I'm going to tell you a secret,—he has been a bobtailed dog ever since that day. When his tail finally came off, he flew for home. He has never spoken to me from that day to this.



“I grabbed him by the tail.”

THAT fight always reminds me of the time I saved Buster's life out on the farm. I don't deserve any credit for that, for two reasons: first I love Buster; and, second, I am a bulldog and naturally know just what to do to a cross bull. Buster took his camera with him to the farm, and one day he decided it would be a fine thing to make a picture of his uncle Jack's cross bull. I thought he intended to get the snap-shot from the top of the high fence that surrounded the pasture lot. No, *sir!* The first thing I knew he had the gate open and had walked into the lot, and was calling me to follow him. I tried to coax him not to go in there, but it was of no use. When I saw that he really meant business, I followed,

Tige—His Story

because I knew that if the bull should try to hurt him I could protect him.

WELL, after he was a few yards inside the gate he fixed his camera in place, and what do you think,—he pulled out a big red rag and waved it about gaily to attract the bull's attention. I knew then that the game was up. The bull might have been in a good humour and never have bothered him; but now it was all off. We didn't have long to wait, for in a few moments Mr. Bovine spied that red rag and came bounding and snorting toward us, waving his tail in the air.

BUSTER was delighted. Sometimes I have thought that that boy was crazy. Can you fancy any one welcoming with delight the approach of a wild bull? It makes me shudder to think of that day. I started on a bound to meet the bull. He stopped and put down his head, snorting savagely, and glared at me while he pawed at the ground and lashed his sides with his tail. That red rag was a little too much for him. Then he jumped forward and swung his head at me; but oh, no! not for your friend Tiger Brown. I felt blood in my eye, and my hair bristled and stood on end. I was ready for business then. As he rushed at me furiously I heard Buster cry, "*Fine, Tige!* I've got two *bully* negatives!" Think of that little pinhead calmly getting snapshots while I was risking my life to give him a chance to run.

AS I was saying, the bull made a furious rush at me, and tried to toss me, but he missed his mark, and as his head was raised in the air it had a bulldog by the name of Tige Brown fast to his nose. There's where Buster ran for the gate. His uncle Jack had found where he





"He stopped and put down his head."

Tige—His Story

was and was calling him. The bull threw his head about as he ran. It must have made him dizzy, or else it was my weight, for he fell headlong and rolled over on the ground. I let go of him and flew for the gate, which Uncle Jack was holding open for me, and that episode was ended. It is a good thing that Mrs. Brown wasn't there, or I'm afraid dear little Buster would have had his coat-tail fanned with a hair-brush.

CHAPTER XV—Buddy Tucker and Mary Jane —Buster and I Make Our Wills



IT was during the following summer that we went to Europe. I thought it was only fair that Buster should go. His father and mother didn't intend to take him. They bade him good-bye and started for the steamship, but he was there as soon as they were, because he hooked on behind the carriage. We sneaked aboard the ship, and were not discovered by Ma and Pa until we were out to sea. It was a very eventful trip. We saw most of Europe and had some fine fun. Buster lost quite a lot of his mischievousness (how's that for a word?) while he was abroad, because he was too much interested in things to play tricks. But he got it all back when he reached home.

WHILE we were in London Mrs. Brown was so much engaged that she hired a little messenger-boy to take Buster around and show him the sights. Each day for three weeks that messenger came to our hotel and took us out for a ride on a 'bus or a walk along the streets or in the parks. He and Buster got to be such

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friends that when we left London Mrs. Brown had him go with us to Liverpool to see us off. Well, he saw us off so successfully that he forgot to get off the steamer and came all the way to America with us. When we arrived in New York he was put up at the Browns' house until he could be sent back. Buster just adopted him, and commenced calling him "Buddy," which is a pet name for brother. He cabled Buddy's mother what had hap-



Buddy's Uncle kept an Animal Store.

pened to him, and soon there came a letter from her telling Buddy of an uncle he had in New York, and asking him to hunt him up.

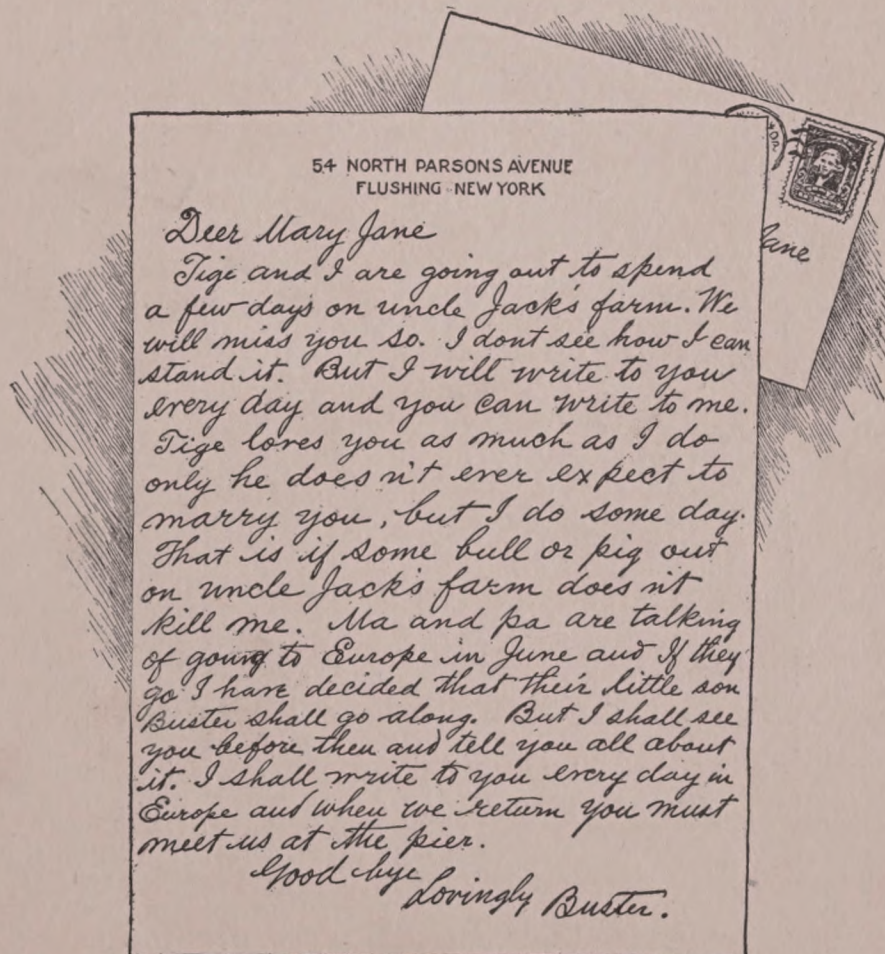
I SHALL never forget the day that we found that uncle. He kept a store where there were birds and animals of all kinds. I had scarcely got into the place before a pet snake coiled himself around my legs, and a sassy monkey grabbed me by the tail. I was frightened to death. My! but I was glad when I got out of that store. Buddy lived with his uncle after that; but we used to

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"A little bear named Botts."

see him quite often, for sometimes on Saturdays he would bring a little bear named "Botts" and come and spend the day with us. I had lots of fun with that bear, he was very tame and playful. He couldn't run as fast as I did, but he could climb trees, and had

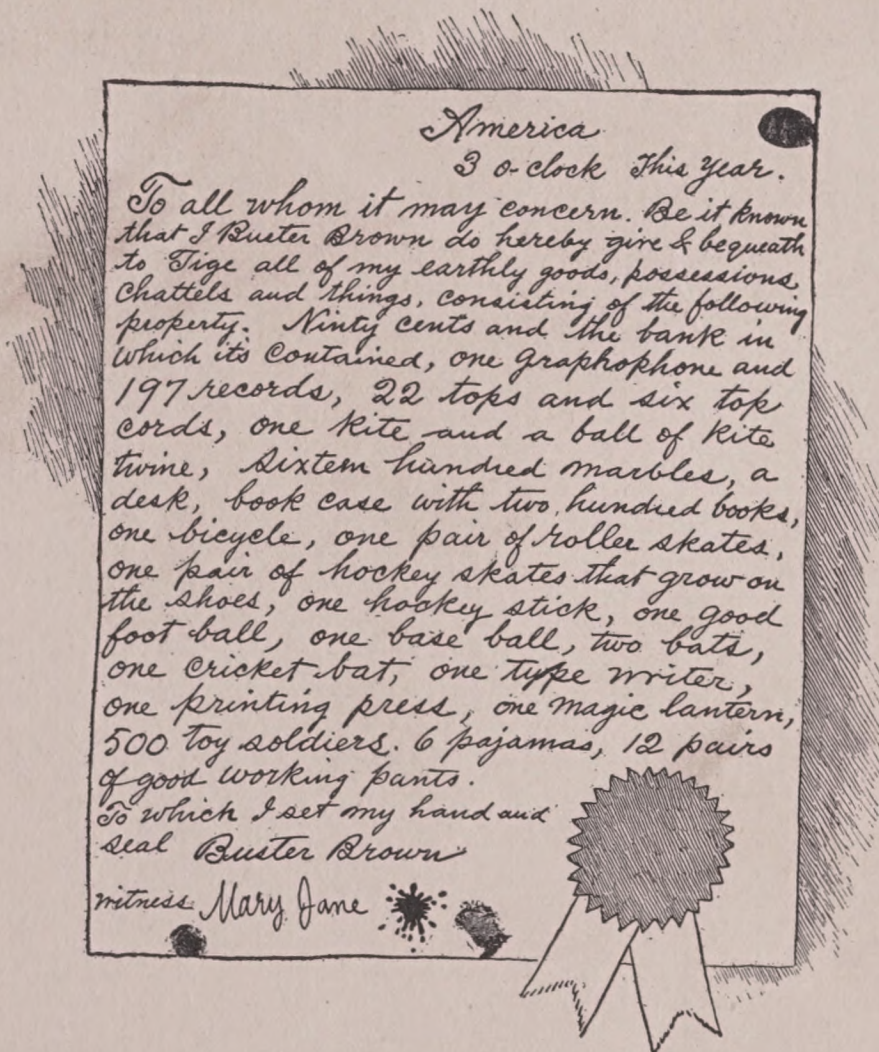


"They always kept up a correspondence."

Tige—His Story

all the cats in the neighbourhood frightened out of their wits. I heard one cat say to another cat one day that she had better look out, there was a dog visiting the Browns that could climb a tree.

BUSTER and I used to go very often to see Mary Jane. It was astonishing how those two always kept up a correspondence and never forgot each other. All the time we were in Europe that summer he would write to her every day, and she always answered his letters. One day I told Buster that I thought he loved her better than he loved me. He felt very badly about it and told me that such a thing could never be. He said that if I didn't believe him he would make a will and leave everything to me.



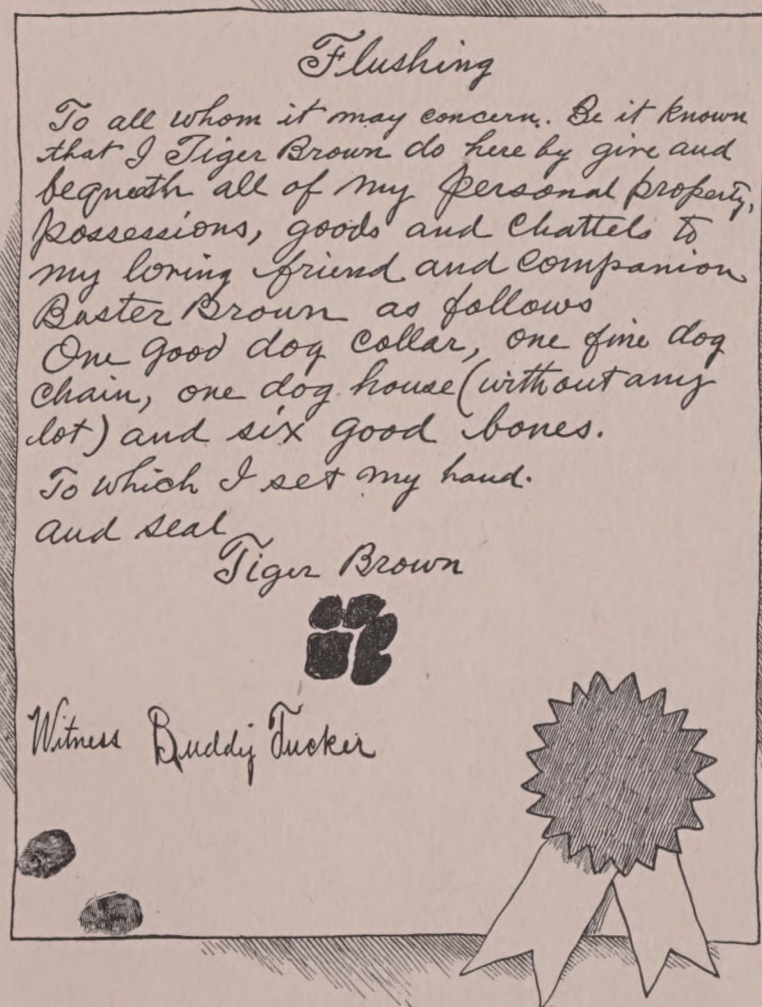
Buster's Will.



Mary Jane.

Tige—His Story

WELL, he made that will, and I have it still. But as he and Mary Jane grow older I feel more and more confident that if nothing occurs they will some day be married. They both have such sweet dispositions, and Buster is such a fine chap, that I think it would be very nice. But, dear me! I need not worry, for I shall never grow old enough to be a guest at the wedding. Buster says if I am alive I shall be best man. But I know that I shall not be alive, so before I go any further I think I shall make a will too, to show my love for Buster.



Tiger Brown's Will.

CHAPTER XVI—Buster's Kindness of Heart —Some More of His Tricks—Thoughts on Dog-Heaven



I DON'T think I ever told you that both Buster and I are members of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and of the Audubon Society. Buster's mamma had always taught him to be very kind and gentle to animals; but while this teaching was all right in its way, it was quite unnecessary, for Buster loved animals too well ever to be cruel to them, and he could never bear to hear of any one else ill-using them. Let me give you an instance of his kindness.

WHEN autumn came on and the nights grew cold, we noticed that there were mice in the house. They had come in from the fields, where they had been frolicking all summer. At night we could hear them scampering around in the walls—playing tag or hide-and-go-seek, and making a dreadful clatter. They grew very bold and annoying. So Mr. Brown bought some wire mouse-traps and put them all around the house. Next morning Buster came in from play with his little chum Bobby Clark, and found a mouse all cuddled up in one of the traps and frightened almost out of her wits. The first thing that occurred to dear little Buster was what were they going to do with the mouse. It would be dreadfully cruel to kill it, he said to his mamma. So he got some bread and cheese and put into the trap. He played with the mouse and watched it for three or four days, until it became very tame indeed.

FINALLY it was decided that something must be done with it, and Buster suggested taking it away out in the fields and setting

Tige—His Story

it free. So Buster and Bobby and three little girls started off with Miss Mouse. They also took with them a lot of bread and cheese to leave with her after they should set her free, in case she had nothing to eat. Away off in the tall grass in a meadow half a mile away from our home they all gathered around the trap and opened the door. The mouse came out slowly, looked all about her, and then went back into the trap. Then they had to shake her out and shut the door. But she quickly ran up one little girl's dress and hid in her pocket. Dear me! what were they to do? Finally they got her out of Ruth's pocket and put her down by the bread and cheese, and then all ran as fast as their legs would carry them. Buster looked back and saw the poor little mouse trying to follow them, but it was no use; they ran too fast for her, and she was lost in the fields.

POOR Buster, he felt dreadfully sad about it that night and prayed for the poor little mouse alone in the fields with only a few days' rations. Bobby did n't take it so seriously. He thought it was a fine joke on the mouse. Bobby is the boy who said "Ip you don't bweeb in Santa Cwas he won't bwing you any fmg, wiwy?" which being interpreted means "If you don't believe in Santa Claus he won't bring you anything, will he?"

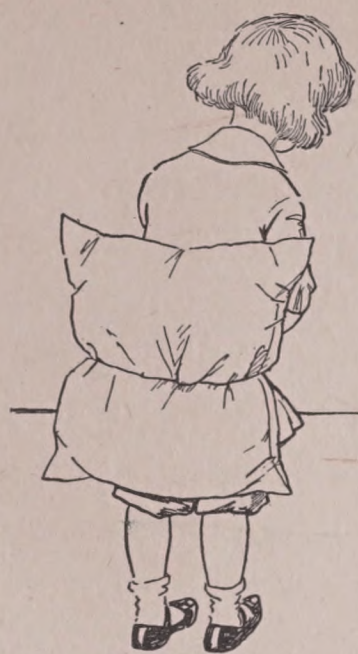
INDEED Buster never was unkind to anything. I know he will grow to be a great and good man. All the mischief he ever got into was either because he was investigating or because he wanted to laugh. The time he glued his father's shoes to the floor was only a matter of fun. It would have been fun, too, if he had not tipped the glue can over and sat in the glue.

OH, that was terrible! There we sat in the nice warm glue, watching the shoes, until Buster's mamma came in and discovered us. We would have run away, but both of us found that we could n't move; we were as fast to the floor as the shoes were. Well, Mrs. Brown just unbuttoned Buster's pants and pulled him right out of them, and



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while she had him with his pants off she just gave him a treatment.



After Treatment.

But, listen, she couldn't pull me out of my pants. I sat there for hours while hot water was being used on that glue. For a while they were talking of just cutting out the piece of the floor on which I sat and letting me wear it around until it wore off. I wore bandages and a pillow for a few days after that, and every time I forgot and wagged my tail I had to howl.



"I wore a pillow for a few days."

BUSTER never intended to injure or destroy anything, but sometimes he did so when he least expected it. I never did quit laughing about that time he sat on the eggs. Poor little pinhead! Think of putting a dozen eggs in the best library chair, and then sitting upon them. When his mamma came in she saw him sitting there so quietly that she exclaimed, "What a dear little boy!" Buster asked her how long eggs must be sat upon before they would hatch. "Three weeks," she replied sweetly. "Why?" Up jumped Buster. "That settles it," he said; "I can't hatch these eggs."

WITH one glance Mrs. Brown saw the point. She saw also a dozen or more broken eggs smashed in the chair, and as for Buster's clothes—well, they weren't fit for publication. Oh, Buster, Buster! Paddy Whack and G. Whitaker Whack were what he got, and he got 'em good and plenty.

THE Browns never had any bric-a-brac on their dining-room mantelpiece, because Buster's meals were served there so often that it was n't worth while. I know that when he grows to be a man he will often laugh at some of his boyish pranks, and I am writing this and my other books so that he can remember them.

THERE are thousands of children who love their dogs, and

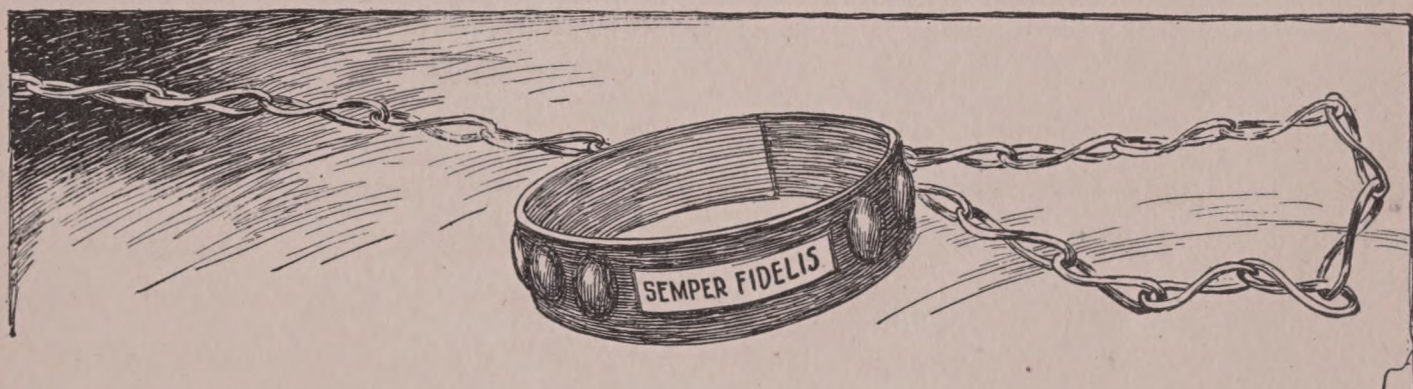
Tige—His Story

thousands of dogs who love their young masters and would die for them. That is why I sometimes think that dogs will go to heaven (I mean good dogs, of course), for it seems terrible to think that after the many sweet and happy days that a boy and a dog have played together they should be parted for all eternity. I feel that if I am a very good dog I will some day go to heaven. Won't I look funny with wings! But then I think that if we are all very good in this world, just as good as we can be, we need not be worried about the next, as everything is right.

NOW, boys, before I bring my book to a close, I must say one thing. Don't ever be unkind or cruel to animals. You don't know how sensitive they are. They suffer as much as you do.

AND now I must say good-bye.

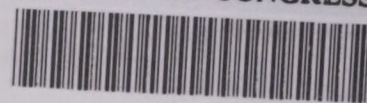
TIGER BROWN.



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